

1988

# The White Wall

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## Recommended Citation

Witte, John. "The White Wall." *The Iowa Review* 18.1 (1988): 124-124. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3643>

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## The White Wall · John Witte

Sick of words, sick of his work,  
my old friend the printer  
taped a picture of a meadow  
to the blank wall. The eye longs  
for a place to rest. We are all in danger,  
though in ways we may not be  
aware of. The meadow is green,  
*a cool profusion of frond and trillium.*

Speaking of dangers, he tells me the story  
of his grandfather arriving alone  
from the Ukraine, a young man  
going to work in a mine. Watching  
the miners enter the tiny shack, he began  
to wonder. How is it possible  
to fit us all inside  
this little house?

He tried to see  
if another building was hidden behind  
this one. He began yelling in a language  
no one understood. His new friends  
gathered around him, and tried  
to comfort him, saying  
*this is the only work there is.*